

TERMS.
THE PINEY WOODS PLANTER
Will be published every Saturday
J. TOTHILL and Wm. F. EISELY.
The price will be Five Dollars per annum if paid in advance, or Six Dollars if not paid until the end of the year. All payments made within the first three months will be considered as in advance. No subscription received for a less period than twelve months; nor discontinued until all arrearages are paid. A failure to notify a discontinuance of the paper will be considered as a new engagement.

ADVERTISEMENTS
Will be charged at the rate of One Dollar for every ten lines or under, for

Piney Woods Planter.

JOHN TOTHILL and WM. F. EISELY, PUBLISHERS.

JOHN TOTHILL, Editor.

NO. 55.

LIBERTY, MI., MARCH 9, 1839.

VOL. 2. NO. 3.

the first, and Fifty Cents for every subsequent insertion.—No advertisement will be inserted even once, for less than TWO DOLLARS.
Persons sending advertisements are requested to mark on them the number of times they desire them to be inserted, otherwise they will be continued until forborne, and accordingly charged.
A liberal deduction will be made to persons who advertise by the year.

JOB WORK
OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
NEATLY AND EXPEDITIOUSLY
EXECUTED

ALSO:
Justices' and other blanks for sale at this Office.

Miscellaneous.

ODE TO PRINTING.

Low in the cloistered cell,
When learning darkly slumbered—
When Genius, by the spell
Of Bigotry encumbered,
In vain essayed
To burst the shade
That cast its darkness o'er him,
Then rose a light
That banished Night
And ignorance before him;
Then in the mystic gloom
The Sun of PRINTING brightened,
And Earth again an Eden bloomed,
For man became enlightened.
Then Mind her pinions spread,
And soared to meet the morning—
That, Heavenly art! thy lustre shed:
The darkened world adorning:
Then Genius rose
Above his woes
Triumphant—[crushed his letters.]
And Science wild,
With aspect mild,
Smiled on the dawn of Letters;
The Arts enraptured cried,
[And reared the PRESS to Heaven,]
Behold a check to Tyrant's pride
By Freedom's Goddess given.
The veil from Error torn,
Truth's dexter lightnings welding,
Pale superstition borne
Downward—though unyielding,
Now marked the force
OF PRINTING'S course,
A bold resistless power,
That left each check
A ruined wreck
But bless'd the Muse's bower;
Whence caustic Genius threw
Reason's shaft from Satire's quiver,
And Life's beverage drew
From Lethe's shadowed river.
Hail! Hail! the noble Art
That warmed the soul—till broken
The chains that bound the heart
By truths the PRESS has spoken,
For if in years
There disappears
One right that Freedom cherished,
The Tyrant's chain
Is linked again,
Because, the PRESS has perished,
Then sons of Freedom swell
Proud PRINTING'S holy chorus,
For Liberty's world the fair Freedom's knell
If wrong while Heaven is near us.

From the Wash. Cor. of the U. S. Gaz. AN INTERESTING WIDOW.

I notice among the crowd of fashion that flitted through the Avenue, a widow lady, whose history is so singular, and whose personal charms are so attractive, that I linger with wonder over the first, and with honest and devoted admiration over the latter.

This lady is not yet on the other side of five and thirty years, and yet she has had and lost four husbands! and what is more extraordinary, they all died of violence. The first husband was killed in rowing a regatta between London Bridge and Shoreditch. He was on board the winning barge, the Lady Stanhope, when a man in the losing barge, the Duke of Suffolk, struck him with the blade of an oar, in a moment of irritation, and the poor fellow died in a few days afterwards. The wife and widow, of course went into weeds, and retired to the rural scene of Warwickshire, where she resolved to spend the remainder of her days in seclusion. It did so happen, however, that a gallant and dashing Major, attached to the 84th regiment of his Majesty's Infantry, found his way to the widow's retreat in Warwickshire; and, although her grief was excessive, sincere and unqualified, she could not for the soul of her, resist his eloquence, as he threw himself at her feet and despatched with all the eloquence of a Tully, and in the mingled cadences and sentence of the philosopher and the Platonic lover, of the delights of a "fourth estate" in the world of beauty. He talked of love, and honor and chivalry; swore that he lived but to adore her, and ready to meet the noblest and the most gallant Knight that the world could afford; at the tournament, and with the favor of his lady love, by trial by battle. The lady listened, lingered, and wept and rejoiced over the passion of her lover; and at last cast aside her weeds, adorned the Sylvan scenes of Warwickshire; gave her hand to the gallant Major, and set up an establishment in the Moor Fields Finishing Square.

A few months after her union with the Major, she accompanied him on an excursion to Belgium. While at Brussels, they spent an evening in the Library of the Orange palace, and the lady received, as it was subsequently supposed, an unintentional

insult, at the hands of an Austrian Colonel. The Major was impetuous; in a paroxysm of madness, he spat in the face of the offender. Usual cards were forthwith exchanged, and the sequel was a duel on the banks of the Seine. At the first fire, the Major fell mortally wounded, and scarcely had time to commend his wife to the protection of an English Admiral, then at Brussels, before he surrendered.

—his honors to the world again,
His blessed path to Heaven, and slept in peace.

Again were weeds and seclusion resorted to by the unfortunate lady; and she had resolved at one time to enter a Monastic institution, and devote herself to the rosary and cross; but ere she could carry her rash designs into execution, a Scotch merchant of Glasgow, a man distinguished by his wealth and commercial enterprise; who, accidentally happened to be in Brussels, sought, wooed, and won her already twice widowed heart. They were married at the Hotel de Ville, and soon after emigrated to London. The husband, not more than a month after his marriage, was called by imperative business to Scotland; and leaving his wife at her establishment in the Moor Fields, sailed in the ill-fated Rothsay Castle Steamer for the North. With that unfortunate vessel he went "down to the bottom" of the

"Deep deep Sea;"

and from that disastrous day, no fond hope of the ultimate restoration of his lifeless form, has greeted the anxious ear of love and affection. But the widow was not destined to remain in her "third estate" of weeds and anguish. Sir Charles S—, about the period of the widow's third widowhood, returned to London, flushed with success and possessed of wealth abundant, fresh from Coromandel. He sought and found the widow of the Moor Fields, as she was then familiarly designated; and it is scarcely necessary to say, that dashing and gallant soldier was soon became the "Commissioner Lord and Master" of the young widow's heart. Soon after the marriage of Sir Charles with the widow—it might have been eight or ten months afterwards—he was ordered off on a diplomatic mission to the German States; and whilst making a journey from Lubec to Frankfurt, on the Mayne, in a stage coach, the vehicle was assailed by robbers, and Sir Charles, and all the inmates of the carriage, were brutally murdered. The wife, now once more a widow, had remained in England, and was left to weep over the death of a fourth husband; who, like his predecessors, had fallen before the hand of violence.

I met this lady in Florence and in Rome; some few years ago. She was then intimate at the Villa of the Marquis of Hastings, and it was there that I first learned her extraordinary story. Yesterday, I met her in Pennsylvania Avenue, and to my surprise she recognized me. She remains in the city but a few days, however, and is now on her way from the city of Mexico to London. She is beautiful, and though her life has been chequered by melancholy and disastrous incidents, she appears not to have lost any of her pristine buoyancy of spirit; nor have the untold attacks of time and sorrow made any material impression on the elegance of her form, or the brilliancy of her personal beauty.

In reply to a good natured remark that I made in relation to the sweets of matrimony, she said, "I know but little of the raptures on which you dilate—there was a time when I could appreciate them; but I suppose that if I listen to your sex, I shall be obliged to take another husband. But, ah me! I dread the idea, for it appears to me that some fatality attends me; all, all die whom I love; and the man who takes me next, must possess more courage than the Austrian troops did at Jena!" I do not doubt, that the widow, ere the lapse of a couple of months, will have her fifth husband!

Said a gentleman to a boy who was bothering him with a bill. "You needn't dun me so sharply, I'm not going to run away at present." "I don't suppose you are," said the lad, scratching his head, "but my master is, and he wants the money."

CATO.

AMBASSADORS FROM CÆSAR ADDRESS CATO.

"Nobles of Rome, we come to save
The pride of Rome from a timeless grave:
Hear the greeting which Cæsar sends—
'Cæsar counts Cato among his friends!'"

"Bear back to Cæsar Cato's reply—
Cato's friends are the friends of liberty."

"Cæsar offers thee power, high station and sway;
Power that will next to Cæsar himself shall obey."

"No power of value to Cato can be,
Save the power of keeping his country free."

"Cæsar offers thee wealth—riches will bring
That shall rival the stores of the Lydian King."

"Freedom is of a price too high
For all the wealth of Cæsar to buy."

"Cæsar offers thee pleasure—the west and east
Shall be traversed for beauty thy view to feast."

"No beauty can equal in Cato's eye
The loveliness of liberty."

"A grander offer of favor we bring;
Some subject kingdom shall call thee King."

"In Cato's eyes, the freeman's grave
Is grander than the throne of a Slave."

"Ask ought in the power of Cæsar to give:
There's naught he'll refuse if Cato will live."

"Go, bear this answer to Cæsar home—
The boon Cato asks is—THE FREEDOM OF ROME."

A COUPLE OF STRAY LEAVES.

LEAF THE FIRST—SIX MONTHS AFTER

MARRIAGE.

"Well, my dear will you go to the party to-night? you know we have a very polite invitation."

"Why, my love, it is just as you please; you know that I always endeavor to consult your pleasure."

"Well then, Harriet, suppose we go; that is, if you are willing; don't say yes because I do, for you know that where you are, there I am perfectly happy."

Why, my love, you would enjoy yourself there I am sure, and wherever you are happy, I shall be of course.

What dress shall I wear, William?—my white satin with blonde, or my asches of roses, or my levantine, or my white lace, you always know better than me about such things."

"Harriet, dearest, you look beautiful in any thing, now take your own choice to-night—but I think you look very splendid in the white satin."

"There, William, dear, I knew you would think just as I did—oh! how happy we shall be there to-night; and you must promise not to leave me for a moment! for I shall be so sad if you do."

"Leave thee, dearest, leave thee?
No: by yonder star, I swear!"

"Oh William, dearest William, how pretty that is, you are always learning poetry to make me happy."

"And Harriet, my own Harriet, would I not do any thing in the world to give you a moment of happiness? Oh, you are so very, very dear to me, it seems at times almost too much happiness to last."

"Oh, do not say so, dear William, it will last—and we shall see many years even happier than this, for will not our love be stronger, and deeper every succeeding year; and now, dearest, I will be back in one moment, and then we will go."

"There she has gone, bright and beautiful creature she is. Oh! how miserable I should be without her; she has indeed cast a strong spell around my heart, and one that never, no never can be broken; she is the only star of my existence, guiding on to virtue and happiness, and can I ever desert her! less than now—can I ever desert her!—can I speak of her in less than terms of praise? Oh, no, it is impossible—she is too good, too pure—happy, happy man that I am."

LEAF THE SECOND—SIX YEARS AFTER

MARRIAGE.

My dear, I will thank you for the sugar, you didn't give me but one lump."

Well Mr. Snooks, I declare you use sugar enough in your tea to sweeten a hoghead of vinegar. James keep your fingers out of the sweetmeats; Susan, keep still bawling, I declare it is enough to set one distracted—there take that, you little wretch."

Why, Harriet, what has the child done? I declare you are too hasty."

"I wish, Mr. Snooks, you'd mind your own business, you're always meddling with what don't concern you."

Well, Mrs. Snooks, I want to know what has a better right if I have not—

you're always fretting and fuming about nothing."

"Pa, Thomas is tearing your newspapers all up!"

Thomas, come here—how dare you abuse my papers!—I'll teach you to tear it again—there, sir, how does that feel? now go to bed!"

"Mr Snooks, you horrid wretch, how can you strike a child of mine in this way? Come here, Thomas, poor fellow—did he get hurt—never mind—here's a lump of sugar, there that's a good boy."

"Mrs. Snooks, let me tell you, you will spoil the children; you know I never interfere when you see fit to punish a child; it's strange that a woman can never do anything right."

"Never do any thing right? faith, Mr. Snooks, if nobody did any thing right in this house but yourself, I wonder what would become of us."

"Let me tell you, ma'am, and I'll bear it no longer, you are as snappish and surly as a—she dog; and if there's a divorce to be had in the land, I'll have it; you would wear out the patience of a Job!"

"Oh dear, how mad the poor man is; well, good night, my dear, pleasant dreams."

"There, she is gone. Thank heaven, I'm alone once more. Oh! unhappy man that I am, to be chained down to such a creature. She is the very essence of ugliness—cross and peevish. Oh, that I could once more be a bachelor. Curse the day that I ever saw the likeness of her. Yes, I will get a divorce. I can't live with her any longer. It is utterly impossible."

From the Ohio Statesman.

MORAL REFLECTIONS.

OUT AND IN.

When a young man sets out, where follies enter,

'Tis a hundred to one but he'll fall into vice:
When out of esteem with the good and the wise,
In that of the vicious he'll certainly rise:
His virtuous associates he'll leave in the lurch—
Is frequent in taverns—oft out of the church.
While he lays out his money, he runs in expenses,
And when he's in liquor, he's out of his senses;
He's soon out of credit, and soon in distress;
Out at the elbows, and shabby in dress;
And if some kind spirit in mercy don't save,
He's out of existence, and in the cold grave;
And, as preachers inform us, Oh! shocking to tell—
If he's then out of heaven, he's surely in hell.

THE FAIR—What children cry for;
what young men sigh for; and what heroes die for.

Marriage is designated the BRIDLE state and indeed, it puts a curb upon the most of persons.

A termagant told her spouse that she believed he was related to the devil; "only by marriage," was his reply.

LOVE'S LABOR LOST.—An exchange paper mentions a serenading party recently, who after having played before a house nearly an hour, were politely informed by the watchman that "no one lived there."

An American father's legacy to his sons.—On the 7th of October, 1792, died at his domain of Sunston Hall, in Fairfax county, Va. in the 97th year of his age, Colonel George Mason. The following extract from his will is worthy of lasting remembrance:

"I recommend it to my sons, from my experience in life, to prefer the happiness and independence of a private station to the troubles and vexations of public business; but if either their own inclinations or the necessity of the times should engage them in public affairs, I charge them on a father's blessing, never to let the motive of private interest, or ambition, induce them to betray, nor the terrors of poverty and disgrace, or the fear of danger or death, deter them from asserting the liberty of their country, and endeavoring to transmit to their posterity those sacred rights to which they themselves were born."

A POOR REASON.—A bachelor editor at the West, refuses to publish marriages, unless paid for as advertisements. He says that "he sees no reason in being obliged to expose the follies of his fellow creatures gratis."

Not a single death has occurred among the colored settlers of the Mississippi colony in Africa during the past year.

REPORT

From the Secretary of the Treasury, transmitting, in compliance with a resolution of the Senate, statements showing the imports and exports of specie, and the amount of gold coinage, since June, 1834, and the average circulation of the notes of the late Bank of the United States.

TREASURY DEPARTMENT.

January 25, 1839.

SIR:—In obedience to the resolution of the Senate of the 20th December last, I have the honor to submit the following statements:

"1st. Imports and exports of specie since the passage of the act for correcting the standard of the gold coins of the United States, and for admitting the silver coins of Mexico and other countries, to legal circulation within the United States, passed June, 1834." [A.]

"2d. Amount of gold coinage since June, 1834." [B.]

"3d. The annual average amount of the notes of the late Bank of the United States, in circulation during the existence of that Bank." [C.]

I am very respectfully,
Your obedient servant,

LEVI WOODBURY,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Hon. R. M. JOHNSON,
Vice President of the U. States,
and President of the Senate.

[A.]

Statement exhibiting the value of bullion and specie imported and exported from the 1st of July, 1834, to the 30th of September, 1838.

PERIOD.	EXPORTED.	SPECIE.	BULLION.	IMPORTED.	SPECIE.	BULLION.	PERIOD.
1834, 1st July to 30th Sept.	100,500	413,681	100,500	163,330	2,788,006	3,246,008	1834, 1st July to 30th Sept.
1835, year ending 30th Sept.	729,601	5,132,495	10,040,005	785,233	1,689,729	10,040,005	1835, year ending 30th Sept.
1836, year ending 30th Sept.	345,738	3,624,186	5,650,669	318,330	5,318,754	5,650,669	1836, year ending 30th Sept.
1837, year ending 30th Sept.	1,383,319	2,745,914	1,893,553	594,201	1,893,553	1,893,553	1837, year ending 30th Sept.
1838, year ending 30th Sept.	468,243	2,292,342	5,630,138	392,843	11,431,844	5,630,138	1838, year ending 30th Sept.
Total.				Total.			
1,648,101				1,648,101			

TREASURY DEPARTMENT,
Register's Office, Jan. 24, 1839.

T. L. SMITH, Register.

MINT OF THE U. STATES.

January 21, 1839.

SIR:—In your letter of the 24th ultimo you ask me to furnish you, as soon after the expiration of the year as practicable, with all the information in my possession necessary to enable you to furnish to the Senate, in compliance with their resolution of the 20th of December last, a statement showing "the amount of gold coined at the Mint and its branches since the gold bill of 1834 took effect, distinguishing the bullion from which the same was coined, so as to show how much was coined from foreign gold, how much from United States coins of the former standard, and how much from gold of the United States mines."

In obedience to your instructions I have the honor of submitting to you the subjoined statement, which will be found to

comprise all the information asked of me. It is proper to mention that although the coinage under the gold bill of 1834 did not commence until the 1st of August, it comprehended all the gold deposited made after the 1st of June, and these are, accordingly, included in the statement.

I am, sir, with great respect,
Your faithful servant,

R. M. PATTERSON,
Director of the Mint.

Hon. Levi Woodbury,
Secretary of the Treasury.

Statement showing the amount of gold coined at the Mint and its branches, from August 1, 1835, to December 31, 1838; also the kinds of bullion from which it was coined.

PERIODS.	Total deposits.	Deposites of United States bullion.	Deposites of United States coins of former standard.	Deposites of foreign gold.	Gold Coinage.
1835, 1st Aug. to 31st Dec.	\$4,003,117	\$388,700	\$1,067,000	\$2,547,417	\$3,570,725
1836, 1st Jan. to 31st Dec.	1,845,000	160,500	1,000,000	684,500	2,185,175
1837, 1st Jan. to 31st Dec.	1,084,000	487,000	5,000	3,612,000	1,155,700
1838, 1st Jan. to 31st Dec.	1,084,000	282,000	21,500	1,414,500	1,148,303
1839, 1st Jan. to 31st Dec.	1,937,500	485,100	5,000	1,497,400	1,809,365
Total.	13,018,617	2,460,300	1,259,300	9,391,000	12,850,500

R. M. PATTERSON,
Director of the Mint.

[C.]

Annual average amount of notes of the United States in circulation in each year, from 1817 to 1837.

Year.	Amount.	Year.	Amount.
1817	\$4,182,321	1829	\$10,897,073
1818	8,672,671	1830	13,017,700
1819	4,973,485	1831	14,937,546
1820	4,401,332	1832	18,810,303
1821	5,570,457	1833	20,309,269
1822	5,403,626	1834	18,745,430
1823	4,463,953	1835	16,945,810
1824	5,654,045	1836	21,945,921
1825	8,541,553	1837	21,664,001
1826	9,712,328		
1827	9,671,368		

Average for eight years, from 1817 to 1824, inclusive, \$5,416,087.

Average for eleven years and 2 months from 1825 to March, 1836, \$14,940,560.

Average for the time the bank was in operation under the charter granted by Congress, namely, nineteen years and eleven months, \$10,971,134.

A Farmer's notion of the Opposition.

A farmer in the neighborhood of Godalming Surrey, dining with one of the inhabitants of that town, a short time since, and politics being introduced, the conduct of the opposition was commented on by some of the party; when the farmer observed,

"why now gentlemen, I can compare their general conduct to nothing better than to that of some of my pigs! I feed with peas in my farm yard; those who happen to be within the gate eat the peas very orderly and quietly—

you hear no noise or grumbling among them, but presently come a parcel of other pigs from the field, and being without the gate, they run to this side, and then to that, push the gate with their noses, squeak, holla and kick up a sad disturbance; but the moment I open the gate, and introduce them to the peas, they become as quiet as so many mice in a full barn."

The glowing account which Gov. Seward gives, in his message, of the prosperous condition of New York, is a fine tribute to the Democratic policy, which has prevailed in that State up to the present time. It will be well for the Empire State, if the whigs leave it as prosperous as they found it on coming into power.